

Autumn Is Here And I Am Dubious

What is not here in imagining what is
Remembered in distance. My fate is full of
Promises and peace. What beyond
Great courage will not stay? I continue
To think about the origin of loveliness
And how my hair grows longer
With each day. The blanket
Is warm beneath us and they
Are asleep. Today the miracle
Will presumably appear. I am
Brought to the final term of suicide
And what it all means. The window
Is open. They are asleep. The leaves
Are still in the trees but are turning.

-- Gerard Malanga

Inland Percussive

Loose I love witch I said you're water
leaves held fire but still they fell
skinny girl whose skin I shaded
pumping passion to keep rich & long
against leafless trees & frozen water

I said o what hell you hold my love

cried this wealth was water under woman
dreaming the muscled rind to dust returning
dust the flower in the moss was fire
nor flesh my thirst my girl whose root
twisting deep in the long earth tossing

I said o what hell you hold my land

rainscript worm & witch the water I
held neither the scarlet sapchords knew
the axebite's rimfire tolled in liquid
chips feathers spooked swindled fucking shit

I learned hey o what hell you hold my heart

-- Allen Planz